

AT A COSY COVE

NEAR POINT LOOKOUT-BAYSIDE.

Chesapeake Breeze—A Daylight Hide Down the
Potomac—Historic Points of Interest—
Reminiscences of the Late
Unpleasantness

Special Correspondence To THE REPUBLICAN
SCOTT'S Cove, Md., July 27.—Oh, how delightful is this compared with the city's heat and dust! What a contrast between these refreshing breezes and the blazing atmosphere of Pennsylvania avenue? Here I am at "Scott's Cove," one mile and a half from Point Lookout, and I am sitting on a porch, enjoying a meerschaum filled with "Lone Jack," and listening to the roar of the breakers. They apparently make for us, dash disappointedly on the sandy beach, and roll back whence they came. Washingtonians need never again be troubled with the heat of the city, for only here to the angry Chesapeake to witness what is hardly ever seen at the Potomac River resorts. Looking beyond, the vast expanse of water is dotted here and there with sails, white now and

On the black sands forming uplands brings down the sea breeze, which is often strong or an embalm, puffing little tug. The bathing is magnificent, being perfectly safe, without undercurrent or those pests of the Potomac, sea nettles, which are so common here. It was Captain who, up to this year, conducted George's Island in the Potomac, was known for years as the residence of Dr. Walton M. Jones. The house is large and comfortable, with a few bedrooms, six or seven airy bed-rooms, and a capacious dining-room. There is an abundance of servant help, and what generally is so expensive at other places. The kitchen is well equipped, and there is excellent hand in charge, being at all times on hand. Located on the banks of the

FAMOUS SCOTT'S GORTER COVE.

One needs only to take a separate boat—unpleasantly noisy, but one can sail or go by convenience to Point Lookout at will. "Who wants to go there?" You say, "But one can't get there." Yes, you can. Accommodations for visitors—the summer when Milburn ran the hotel, which has since burned down. Then there was considerable travel here, and it was a place where people came to escape the heat, to enjoy themselves at a spot where all is new dilapidation and decay. The hotel ruins still exist, but beyond them and the lofty light-house only a few small buildings remain. The place was first occupied by Jack O'Leary, the above the sands. The

tell you it will soon be the terminus of a railroad. Well, when it is, it will be; but it looks as if it will be a long time before it is. The corporation to change the appearance of the place. How to get here is easily explained, and few know the pleasures of a

THE SLEIGH RIDE ON THE POTOMAC

from Washington to the bay. Take, for instance, Mattano, Arrowsmith, Thompson, or Norfolk steamers, we pass Alexandria, Forts Foote and Washington, Mount Vernon, and the monuments, all which are here placed the picture of historic interest. Here, also, it may be said, the Potomac, as if free from the restraints of its pasternament, is swept as far as the eye can reach with whitened sails of coastwise schooners freighted with produce of all descriptions, the outward-bound cargo being principally laden with coal and coal from the wharves of Georgetown and Alexandria. Here and there can be spied the industrious little tug in tow of a vessel freighted with the water wage, the owner preferring the water rate to the rail rate. The sailing vessels; spread their canvas and rely on the coast

Sandy Point (and it is no misnomer either, for the sand is mixed sharp sand so scarce in the District is so deep there that it would make the mouth of one of our contractors water) we strike Liverpool Point,

standing of no other interest than that it was from here a few years ago the full hundred passengers in the Wawaaset left to cross the river to Chatterton, little dreaming that in that short distance they would reach "that bourne from whence no traveler returns." Passing Chatterton

THE WAWASET CEMETERY.

comes in view, and can only be distinguished by a dilapidated fence enclosing neglected mounds under which rest fifty-seven of the unregimented

victims of that disaster. Leaving Smith's and Cottage wharves we reach Stuarts', from where the scene of the burning steamer was witnessed by parties, who, although in full hearing of the screams of the suffering women and children were powerless to help them. Diagonally across the Maryland side is Tubson's wharf, while a little below and opposite is Mathias' Point, a locality of historic interest during the late unpleasantness. Here it was that the famous rebel boat

teries were located which invariably paid their respects in terms more forcible than pleasant every passing craft, as the survivors of the Potomac flotilla well remember. Situated well upon the bluffs, they defied the skills of our gunners, and but a short distance from the wharf is pointed out the spot where the lamented Captain Ward received the unerring bullet of a sharpshooter while endeavor-

ing to land and dislodge the enemy, with a view of occupying the position permanently. Further on we come to Lower Cedar Point, greatly improved as a summer resort, and presenting a beautiful appearance. We soon reach Mathox Creek on the Virginia side, one of the Potomac's tributaries. Dotted the entrance to this creek is the farm of Frank Rives, of your city, a lovely place the only one, indeed, along the shores of the Potomac showing evidence of improvement in use.

OLD RICKETY BARNS AND OUT-HOUSES, so common along the shores, a mild weather vane points to a regular Yankee-built barn, substantial granaries, and excellent fencing. The former proprietor of this farm was killed in his bed during the war on account of his thin sentiments, and the place was afterward purchased by Mr. Bliss, who has made it a model farm in every

ONE HUNDRED CANYAS-BACKS

greatest men of the country, including "G. W. himself, first saw the light. Only a short distance off, and in full view, is the burial ground of the Monroe family, and so sadly neglected that it is fortunate that he who gave prominence to the name rests not there, but in Hollywood Cemetery in Richmond. Within a radius of twenty miles are many old

In two wars—1812 and 1861-'65—and in general appearance the land seems to have passed from generation to generation, each drawing on it to its full extent without return of fertilizers or other such help. Passing rapidly Bluff Point, Blackstone Island, Colton's, Breton's Bay, leading to Leonard's town, Piney Point is reached, where the hotel kept by Mrs. Travers and fourteen miles farther as a grand sentinel to the wide-spreading bay, is

so well known to rebel prisoners, of whom there was a large camp in that vicinity during the war for the Union. But a short distance is our summer-house, quite largely patronized already this season. A number of Washingtonians are daily coming and going, among these here now being Mr. L. Newman and family, of the Treasury Department; Mr. C. Ebert and family, of the Quartermaster-General's Office; Mr. William Johnson and

family, of F street; Mr. R. B. Winston and wife, of the War Department, and others. J. F. D.

Clau-aa-aa-el.

The picnic given under the auspices of this popular association yesterday was quite a success. The plays and sports of dear old Ireland attracted much attention. The exercises were pleasantly interspersed. Several of the best citizens of Washington were in attendance. Colonel

O'Meagher Condon made some very pertinent remarks, which received rounds and rounds of applause. Dr. J. C. O'Connell reiterated in glowing colors to Irish wrongs and the peasantry of Ireland. He said that the bold peasantry of the green isle were scattered the wide world over, exiles in every land under the sun, but wherever they were, from the shores of the Mediterranean to the slopes of the Pacific, in every climate and under every circumstance

they never failed to remember the despoilers of their hearths and homes. He spoke of the illustrious names on the muster-roll of the American Revolutionary army and the resolve of Irishmen the world over never to cease their labors until Ireland shall have taken her station among the nations of the earth. Then, and not till then, shall their labors cease.